

'ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea';
Parnell's phantom
beauties, who

range the reeds and o'er the poppies sweep
That nodding bend beneath their load of
sleep,

and that 'rifted spire' of Langhorne's,
nodding to its fall
above the village dead:

Where longs to fall that rifted spire
As weary of th' insulting air,
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs are sleeping there.
When that too shakes die trembling
ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie!

Then the Romantic Revival would almost
embarrass
the anthologist with its riches—the silence
that haunted
Wordsworth on the hills, and Coleridge's
mariner on
his stagnant sea; Endymion's little noiseless
noise among
the leaves', and the dumb, fallen Saturn of
Hyperion; the
cursed midnight of Manfred, and the
charnel-hush of
Beddoes, broken only by the low rustle of
the dead
turning unquietly in their shrouds; Landor's
eagle in its
still eyrie up the mountain-side, and the
silent forests
that sealed in one mystic moment
Browning's love, and
the haunted taciturnities of Hardy's world.

That might make not the poorest of
anthologies: com-
pile it who will. Few subjects can be
exhausted without
exhausting the reader also; and it may well
be we have
too many anthologies in England, without
this poppy
garland. So let it be printed at a castle in
Spain,

Here, Hoover, is one last fragment from
that opiate
work: 'Silence, it has been said, though so

honoured of
the poets, had never a priest. But those who
are versed
in the myths of Atlantis relate that once she
was wor-
shipped there. Her temple stood, they say,
deep in a